

Sanctuary

by petitcastellan

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost, OC, Toothless

Pairings: Hiccup/Jack Frost

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-02-06 18:29:36

Updated: 2014-04-02 05:45:28

Packaged: 2016-04-26 16:43:18

Rating: M

Chapters: 4

Words: 15,569

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Jack Overland had his fate traced when he was really young. Hiccup H. Haddock III, too. And when both fates met each other, the world got a lot bigger and dangerous. The Child of the Moon and the Child of the Chief will find that love doesn't come alone.

Romance/Adventure/Family/HurtComfort Warnings for violence, spoilers for HTTYD2 and a R18 scene at some point.

1. Prologue

****AN:**** This is the fic for my Sanctuary AU comic! You can find it and other drawings for this AU with /sanctuary-au in my tumblr (petitcastellan). It's a page, not a tag, so just copy that and paste it after my url! :)

You can also find Snowflake's (my OC) and Jack's design in that link, or in my deviantart (kuramachan5).

Big thanks to Karla (charlotteandcheese on tumblr) for being my beta! And Sammy (inthewestwing on tumblr) for helping me with some things in the fic (she was also the one who put me in the Hijack world. 3).

I hope you enjoy this story!

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Once upon a time, a Child of the Moon returned from the death. It was a miracle, they said. Oh, Odin above, how they said. But the blessing that the Spirit in the Moon gave to that child became brutal. And a nightmare it was when the child froze it all. Since then, the legend crossed the seven seas, told by mothers to children, by children to friends. Until one day, the legend had become true again.

** - Prologue - **

Bright lights of fire. Loud noises of swords and things being broken. Screams.

Jack Overland, a boy from an ordinary family of an ordinary village in a forgotten island, who was about six years old, woke up by warning cries coming from outside his house.

He had no idea of what was happening, but as soon as he stood up on his bed, his mother came running to him with a fur coat and a blanket. She seemed desperate.

Jack tried to ask what was going on, but she shut him up by dressing him with that coat and quickly wrapped him with that blanket. It was a cold winter night.

"Promise me you will not look when we go out of that door." She demanded, looking straight at her son's cognac eyes.

And he was so scared. Why was everyone screaming? Why was it so bright if it was night? Why was she so scared? But, Jack just nodded, and wrapped his arms around his mother's neck and hid his face there. Her long, brown hair was smelling so good... like always. It was a soft mixture of the hot chocolate she makes him every morning, and the pink roses they grow in the garden in the backyard. It was comforting.

With her son in her arms, she ran to the back door, trying to be as silent as she could, and left her house - that had just been put on fire by a big, bearded man - to run to the frozen forest.

Jack was trying his best to keep his face hidden, but he couldn't resist when a terrible cry came from the village. Raising his head a little, enough to see the house, the terror embraced his heart.

The whole village was on fire. Men and women were trying to protect the houses and themselves by fighting with swords, axes, in the best viking way. But it wasn't enough. There were too many enemies, enormous men with horrible faces and clothes. They were claiming that island and didn't want anyone there. Anyone.

Jack's eyes got wider when he noticed his father, an ordinary shepherd with a not so strong frame, on the ground. He wasn't moving, and his clothes were painted red with blood.

"DAD!" The kid screamed and started to cry, drawing the attention of both his mother and his father's murder. The man smiled with his yellowed teeth, and the pure pleasure of killing and destroying everything was clear on his countenance. Jack would never forget that face.

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They were almost entering the frozen forest when four of the men started to hunt them. The woman was trying to run as fast as she could, but it was a little difficult to do so while holding her six years old son in her arms. She needed to save him and she was realizing that she couldn't do it completely by herself.

Passing by numerous trees, she was able to scape from those men. At least for enough time to hide the kid and speak to him.

Putting him in the cold ground - the snow covered half of his shins -, she adjusted the blanket around him and held his shoulders. She was kneeling to be able to look her boy in the eyes. "You have to listen to me."

Jack was trying to be quiet, to not say anything and, especially, to stop crying, but he was too scared. "Who are them, mom? What they want? And... and dad... dad..." And cried more. He couldn't believe he would never see his father again. They were so, so close and Jack loved him so much...

"Listen. Listen! You need to be as quiet as you can, Jack." She took the dagger from her belt and put it in one of the boy's hands. "Do you remember when your father taught you how to make fire with this and a rock?"

Jack nodded. The crying hiccups were making it hard to speak.

"Great." The woman sighed. At least her son was going to be okay if he got hungry or too cold. "I want you to run to that direction..." She pointed to the South, which was behind Jack's backs. "And never look back. No matter what you hear or see, just do it."

"But, mom-"

"Just do it!" She whispered through her teeth, and sighed. "Hide in the trees. I know you love to climb them."

The boy looked down, still crying. He didn't want to do any of that. He just wanted to go home and see everything okay, to see his dad and play games with him and his mother. He didn't want to be alone. To say goodbye.

Heavy steps were starting to come from their left side. The invasors were almost finding them.

Jack tied the dagger in his belt made of fabric, under the fur coat, and looked at his mother. His swollen eyes were begging for her to stay with him. But, she just held his face with her hands and kissed his forehead, hugging him tight after it.

"I love you." She whispered before breaking the hug and forcing the kid to run away.

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Jack had lost the notion of time after a while in that forest. He was too tired to continue running, and the tears were making his vision a little blurred. He continued his escape by walking through all that snow, and tried not to think about his parents and his village. He needed to be quiet, he couldn't cry anymore! Or those men would easily find him and kill him.

But, when he found a glade in the forest with a big, dark lake, all his body froze with awe by what he saw.

There was a dragon there. It was as big as a young brown bear, but its wings were extremely large, even if they were folded on its backs. The tail was long with two fins on the end. The dragon's backs had a line of large thorns, starting big from the shoulders and finishing really small on the middle of the tail. And more thorns could be seen on the head, but these ones were extremely big. It looked like a very charming king's crown.

Jack had never seen a dragon before. These creatures barely flew around his island. He was mesmerized! And by the dragon's color, too. Under the moon's light, it was an intense sky blue. The head was a dark cerulean, as much as the tail, paws and wings. And there were small flakes all over the dragon's face, wings, head's thorns, paws, tail and fins. The kid thought those were snowflakes, but, when the dragon moved its body, it got clear that those were part of its skin.

"Wow..." He whispered, just realizing he did it when the dragon's thorns moved in alert.

Closing his mouth with both hands, Jack looked around, searching for a place to hide, but it was too late. With a loud screech, the dragon ran in his direction. Its wings were now open, making it look more scary.

The boy tried to run, but his legs betrayed him. He could just take five steps backwards until he fell on the snowy ground. The dragon, that was originally 49 feet away, was almost reaching him now. Its intense blue, feline eyes were fixed on its target.

But, the dragon suddenly stopped running when it heard a weird noise. Where was it coming from? Moving its head's thorns a little, the dragon noticed that the noise was coming from the small creature in front of it.

Jack was crying again. His head was now hidden by his arms and his body was curled in a fetal position, but it was still possible to hear his sorrowful and scared cry.

The dragon was frozen in the same position for a moment, without moving a muscle. The thin black lines in the big, blue eye globes changed to an oval ball. Its paws started to slowly move forward as the snout started to search for smells.

Why was that creature making that sound? A sound that looked a lot like baby dragons whining for food or because they were scared. And when the dragon's snout started to run around the boy's body and blanket, the sound intensified, which just made the dragon sniff him even more.

With a frustrated growl, the winged creature backed off a little. That was a baby. A damn baby! The dragon felt a terrible guilt for realizing that it attacked a so undefended creature.

It made a sound that seemed like an apologize and looked around, searching for the baby's parents. No one was there. The dragon then assumed that the baby got lost or its parents didn't want it anymore.

Jack just moved his body when he heard the four heavy paws walking away. Putting his arms and hands on the snow, he looked around. The dragon was coming back to the lake. "You... Y-You didn't kill me." He said, surprisingly stopping crying.

The dragon ignored him. It was just too busy taking one fish from the pile it had fished before Jack appeared. And, when the creature finally chose a fish - the biggest from the pile -, it came back to the kid and threw the dead animal on his lap.

"Eww!" Jack tried to back off and take the fish away, but it was too big! And that scary dragon was staring at him. "I am not hungry."

The dragon tilted its head, confused, and made a sound that could be interpreted as a purr. A purr from a giant cat. The baby should eat! It was crying, then it must be too hungry!

Jack finally took off the fish from his lap and looked at the dragon. He was still scared and sad, but that creature was so... amazing! It didn't kill him and now it was offering him its food. "You... You scared me, dragon. My mom just..." He stopped, feeling he would cry again. And the last thing he wanted was that scary thing sniffing him again. "A lot of evil men attacked my home and killed my dad. Mom said to me to run away, and I think she... I think they took her, too." Well, forget it. He was crying again.

The dragon purred one more time. For some reason, it could understand what the baby was saying. Not completely, of course. But it still could understand how sad the smaller creature was feeling.

"Now I have no one. I don't even know where I am." He tried to wipe off the tears from his pinky cheeks. "And who are you?"

The winged animal sat on its rear legs and snorted.

"Are you a boy or a girl?" No response was given to that. So, Jack sighed, and looked at the dragon for a few seconds. "I think you can't understand me, but... If you are a boy, like me, move your head like this." He slowly nodded, trying to teach the blue animal what to do.

No response, again.

"Okay..." He pouted. "If you are a girl, do what I showed you."

The dragon stood still for a second, but, for Jack's surprise, it moved its head the same way it was taught. And that made the kid smile. "So, you are a girl dragon! Do you have a name?" And, one more time, the dragon didn't move. But it was still sorely staring at the boy. "Alright... You have a pretty color and a lot of white flakes on your skin. So, I am going to call you Snowflake!"

The creature snorted again and nodded. Apparently, that name sounded really good. And the positive reaction just made Jack's smile get wider.

Again, the dragon, now called Snowflake, took the big fish near Jack and offered it to him, purring one more time. That baby was alone and she decided she would take care of him now.

"Fine, fine. If you insist... I will eat it." Jack left go of his blanket and stoop up. "I just need wood and a rock to- Hey! You are a dragon! You can make fire!"

Suddenly, Snowflake looked a little sad. Jack was going to ask what the matter was, but the dragon opened her mouth and started to create a light smoke from her throat. Then, she shot an enormous energy as blue as her eyes on a rock away from Jack.

It startled the kid, especially because he was getting strong and bad feelings towards big fires, but... there was no flame in there. Two seconds after Snowflake had closed her mouth, the rock was looking weird. It seemed to be... frozen!

Jack gasped. That dragon couldn't make fire. Instead, it could freeze things! He had no idea that a living creature could do such thing. "Wow... Okay, now I understand why you got upset."

Snowflake looked at him, opening her mouth and closing it a few times, like she was trying to speak something or agree with Jack. It just made he smile again.

The night was starting to get better with that new friendship, but something startled both dragon and boy. Loud noises started to come from some part of the forest. It was them. The evil men finally got there.

Snowflake growled in the noises' direction and looked at Jack, who was now trembling and about to cry again. She needed to keep the kid safe.

So, before the boy could even think, the dragon took the blanket on the ground and threw at him, gesturing with her head that he should wrap himself again. And, when he did, she walked toward him and lowered the front of her body, again gesturing to him, but to make he climb there this time.

Jack was too scared. He looked at the forest, where he already could see the light of torches and the men's silhouettes. They were really there.

Without thinking twice, Jack climbed the dragon's backs and tried to hold her neck as tight as he could. When he was sure he wouldn't fall, Snowflake opened her wings and pulled her body out of the ground with her paws, finally flying away from there with a very scared child on her neck.

That was the last time Jack would see his island.

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If someone dared to ask a six years old boy how he imagined his life would be, this would never be something anyone would ever hear.

Jack and Snowflake were living together now. The dragon decided she would take care of him, who was her baby now - and no dragon would ever deny that. They would stay in an island for some days, eating

fishes - Jack cooking his ones with the method his dad taught him -, sleeping in caves, living there until the island proved to be too dangerous and they had to move.

There were days that Jack cried for missing his parents and his home. There were days that he didn't say a single word. He suffered a big trauma and was dealing with that alone. Well, not completely alone. Now he had a dragon... that was taking care of him like a mother would.

Snowflake, even for a dragon, was really caring and protective. She seemed to be very young and Jack would wonder why she was alone, but she still had the strenght and patience to take care of a human child. Or a baby, as she saw him.

Sometimes, they would play until Jack was so tired he would sleep all night. Sometimes, they would just sit near the ocean and look at the stars in a complete silence.

And it continued like this until the next winter.

Jack was coughing really hard for a few days. He didn't want to play or eat, and it was making Snowflake really concerned.

Sitting in their new cave, the dragon purred worried, looking at the kid - who was still lying down on his bed made of leaves and wrapped in his blanket. She touched his forehead with her snout, and got startled by how warm it felt. It wasn't normal!

"I am fine, Snow." He coughed a little more. "I just need to sleep a little more."

The dragon whined a little, worried. But she didn't know what to do other than lie down near the kid and block his body from the cold winds.

And it just got worse as the days passed. Snowflake tried to give Jack some medicinal herbs, but it seemed that those were useless in humans. The kid was getting severely ill and she couldn't do anything to help. Not even make a bonfire to keep him warm!

In the end of the week, she came back to the cave with a few fishes in her mouth. Jack was eating a little and drinking water, so she just hoped it would help him. The snow wasn't falling outside and the sky was surprisingly clean for a winter night.

She put the fishes on the straw basket Jack had made to keep his food, froze them with her cold plasma so they wouldn't rot so fast, and walked toward him to check if he was awake.

Jack wasn't sleeping, but he wasn't awake, too. The fever was so strong in that night he couldn't even keep his eyes open and his mind working so well. His lungs and backs were aching and it was difficult to breath, so he was making a weird, but low noise while his chest painfully moved. He was feeling so weak he couldn't even care about the pain anymore.

Snowflake sniffed him before purring. She was so worried about her boy... The dragon, one more time, laid down around him and left what seemed to be a sigh.

"Snow..." Jack finally opened his eyes and searched for his dragon. When she noticed it, she stood up just so they could look at each other's eyes.

The kid coughed again and touched the winged creature's snout. "You are the best thing that happened to me. And..." He coughed again and tried to breathe more air than he was getting. It just made the dragon whine in concern. "This year was really good. You're... You're a great mom." He smiled for a few seconds before closing his eyes again.

Snowflake whined one more time, louder and sadder now, and laid down again near the boy. But, this time, she rested her two forelegs around his body in what should be a hug and lowered her head to look at him. She would watch over him all night.

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The dragon couldn't tell when, but Jack suddenly stopped breathing. And moving. His lips were as pale as his skin, making a contrast with his auburn hair.

She stood up again, growling in awe and concern, and poked the boy's backs a few times with her snout. He wasn't waking up. And a feeling the dragon never knew she could have hit her stomach like a giant dragon's tail. She was so scared, so worried and so sad she was almost desperate. She screeched and tried to wake Jack again, but it wasn't working.

No, he... He couldn't be gone. Snowflake couldn't accept it. She couldn't imagine her life now without her adopted offspring.

Whining and screeching really loud now, she left the cave. Her mind was working so fast she was breathing loudly, too. The dragon looked back at the cave and, looking at the lifeless Jack, her heart just got tighter. She couldn't accept it.

She flapped her wings and growled in sorrow again, until an idea appeared in her mind. The chances for it to work were almost null, but she wasn't thinking straight.

Snowflake walked forward a little more and looked at the moon. It was so big and so bright in that night... As if it was calling for her.

It was said that dragons were magic creatures. They couldn't make it or control it, but their souls could communicate with magical entities and even spirits. And Snowflake was almost begging for it to work.

There was a tale among humans that once, a long time ago, a child was given life again by the moon. However, the said child held a big power also given by the moon. A power that, one day, destroyed a whole island and everything in it. Snowflake wasn't sure if it was true. Humans had a so vivid imagination... But, she was so desperate she didn't even think twice before trying it.

The dragon, concentrating all her strength and soul, started to roar as loud as she could to the moon. And it was a so sorrowful and

somewhat angry that no creature would dare to search for whatever was making that sound. And she kept it for hours, asking the Spirit in the Moon for help, until she was so tired and her throat so dry she couldn't make any sound anymore.

She looked at the moon full of hope and expectation for a long time, but once again that feeling hit her stomach. So, she just laid down where she was, rested her head there and closed her eyes. It wasn't exactly physical, but it was hurting really bad. Worse than everything she had ever been through.

But, suddenly, a noise was coming from the cave. Snowflake opened her eyes and moved her head's thorns in alert. It was a cough.

Running as fast as ever, she entered the cave again. Her heart was beating so fast it seemed to explode. And what she saw made it even worse.

Jack coughed a few more times until he finally sat down on his improvised bed. He seemed confused and his vision was a little blurred, but he still could see the dragon. "Snow?"

Snowflake was so happy she couldn't stop moving her body, even if she hadn't had walked again. Jack was alive. He was alive! It worked!

When she finally ran to him, she sniffed his face and licked it, making the boy laugh. Oh, it was so good to see him! But, when she stopped and looked at him again, she finally noticed something different.

Jack was still pale, but his hair wasn't auburn anymore. Instead of the intense brown color, it was now a bright silver. So bright it was almost white. And his eyes, that used to be a beautiful cognac brown, was a vivid azure now. They seemed to have an unusual aura impregnated in them. As if all his soul and another nature force was in there. It was just... really vivid. You could look at them for hours and still could feel amazed by the color and by how intense they were. Like a clean ocean in a sunny day.

And now, they looked confused. "What is the matter? W-What are you so happy about?" Jack asked a little worried, even if he had a big smile on his face - that he was trying to dry with the blanket. Apparently, he didn't know he died. Nor he remembered he was severely ill for days.

Snowflake purred and touched her snout on Jack's face again. She couldn't speak like a human and maybe she could never explain what she did, but she hoped the boy would understand anyway. And, above everything, she hoped he was going to be okay. His hair and eyes concerned her.

Jack hugged her head and smiled a little more, until he felt something strange. He didn't know what it was, but he felt he should go outside.

So, with the help of his dragon, for he was still a little weak, he stood up and walked until his feet were touching the snow. There, Jack looked at the moon and stayed in silence. His now blue eyes were shining with the white light coming from the satellite.

Snowflake looked at him, then to the moon and then to the kid again. He seemed to be listening to something. Or to someone.

When it apparently finished, Jack looked at the ground for a few seconds before looking at the dragon again. He then gave her a tender smile and hugged her again, his tiny arms being able to only hug one of her legs. "You are an incredible mom."

Maybe the moon told Jack the truth. Maybe it told him something else, too, because the kid got a little quiet after that. Snowflake would never know for sure. The only thing she knew was that now Jack was back, alive and even healthy again! It was enough for her.

And for Jack, too. Even though he felt like his fate was now traced and the destiny reserved a lot of more adventures and surprises. That was just the beginning of it.

2. Chapter 1

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I hope you enjoy this story!

Thank you all for the kudos and comments! I just want to leave here a warning for this chapter: there's violence, blood and spoilers for HTTYD2. Be aware!

Thank you for reading and I hope you enjoy it.

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Berk used to be a turbulent island. When the cold winds and snow weren't attacking them, which was almost the whole year, the dragons would serve as a biggest problem.

An old village with brand new houses. The fire had always the fault for it.

But after Hiccup the Useless had become Hiccup the Useful, the island finally got its peace. With the help of his first and best friend, Toothless, the boy was able to show to his people that dragons weren't evil creatures and that it was possible to live in peace with

them.

But it doesn't mean the danger went completely away.

After numerous battles against enemy islands, problematic dragons and even the hard job of training their own dragons, not only the village had changed, but also Hiccup. For good.

Four years had passed since the Great Battle of the Red Death. The kid who used to be looked at as a hassle and a disappointment had now all the village's eyes towards him. They were now expecting more miracles, more good things coming from that boy. And so did his father, Stoick the Vast, the Chief of the Hairy Hooligans of Berk.

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** - chapter one - **

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It was a beautiful spring morning. Hiccup was quite anxious to see his new flying armor in action. He had lost days making it, and Toothless was starting to feel bored and annoyed for not flying as much as they used to do together.

Maybe he could use that in their Annual Presentation of Thursday. The other kids always had amazing things to show with their dragons, and Hiccup wanted to do something even more spectacular and unique. Well, as unique as his Night Fury.

Toothless left an annoyed sound come out of his mouth. He was starting to feel impatience, for his best friend was taking ages to dress his armor up! It wasn't a full viking armor, but it still was something troublesome to put on one's body. Especially alone.

It had a black breastplate - with a big belt crossing it -, black guardbraces, orange scales all over the plackart and legs, and orange upper and lower vambraces tied with three black belts. Hiccup was still with half of those things on his body.

"Come on, Toothless." He complained. "I promise it will be fun. Just wait a little bit more."

The dragon just rolled his pale green eyes and walked around the room just to sit on his bed made of rock again.

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It took a long time, but Hiccup was finally done. He put his dagger in the support on his left vambrace, the fire sword - something he was really proud about, one of his best inventions so far - in the support on his right leg, and took his new helmet - that was also a mask.

Toothless was sleeping again, but when he heard footsteps coming closer to him, he woke up and looked at the human who was coming.

"Let's go, bud." Hiccup just patted his snout and laughed a little

when he saw the dragon's excitement for flying. That would be a great day.

Except...

When both dragon and boy were already downstairs, Stoick was waiting for Hiccup near the fireplace. He had a serious expression on his tired face.

"Dad?" The younger viking asked. A mixture of concern and even a little of fear was present in his voice. He always hated to have serious conversations with his father. They always ended with screams and an urge to cry where no one could see him.

"Son, we need to talk..." Stoick said without moving a muscle. But then, he slowly turned his head towards the younger viking. "We need to talk about your future as a man and as a Chief."

Hiccup sighed and ran his fingers through his hair. Not that again... "Aw, dad. Can we talk about this later? I am, erm, busy right now." He tried to nod, as if he wanted to believe in that, too.

"You are nineteen years old, Hiccup." The older man began. "When I was your age, I already had leaded a battle against an entire army of an enemy island. I already had-" He lowered his voice, afraid that Toothless would hear this part. "I already had killed so many dragons I lost count." Now, with his voice as loud as before and with a serious posture, he continued the speech Hiccup had almost memorized. "Since I was a baby I knew what I should do and what I should become. And you, my son, should know it, too."

"I know that one day I will be the Chief, dad." He put his helmet on the table and tried to avoid looking at his father's eyes. They were looking at him like an old eagle expecting its prey to move. "But... I don't want it. I mean, I don't want to be a Chief now."

Stoick didn't say anything, which just made Hiccup more nervous.

The boy gestured a little while trying to say what was in his mind. "You know, dad. Toothless and I have so many things to do. So many lands to explore and the sky to-"

His father left a loud sigh come out of his mouth as he pressed his fingers between his eyes. He was starting to get impatient. "You can't spend your whole life around the world, Hiccup. You have responsibilities!" His voice was getting louder. "You have an island to take care of, you have people to help... and dragons, too!"

Hiccup looked at Toothless, trying to seek any comfort or help. But the dragon couldn't do anything to help him. Flying away in that moment would just make things worse.

"You need to form your own family. You need a wife, you need kids!"

"Hey! Hey!" Now it was Hiccup's turn to speak loudly. "I think I am too young for this. I- I don't want to marry anyone now, dad. I am good like I am. Single and free."

Well, maybe he shouldn't have said that last word. Maybe he shouldn't have said the whole sentence.

Hiccup blinked a few times when he noticed how angry his father was. Should he say something else? Should he be quiet? His heart started to beat faster when Stoick walked in his direction.

"You proved to be a better person than everyone in this island thought you could be. I still believe that you aren't my biggest disappointment and I want to keep it." And with that said, he left the house, closing the door behind him stronger than he needed to. Stoick always said things without thinking when he felt angry...

The young viking stood still for a second before looking at his dragon. Sometimes his father really knew how to hurt his feelings.

Toothless walked towards his best friend and purred. He hated to see Hiccup sad or angry. And especially when his own father made he feel like that. If he could, he would take the human away and never come back. Toothless could take care of him. He could make he feel better. But Berk was Hiccup's home. Stoick was the only family he had. The only thing the dragon could do, in the end, was to watch his best friend cry when he needed to.

At least Hiccup was just angry in that moment.

"Let's go, bud."

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Hiccup didn't know for how long he and Toothless had been flying, but he was sure they were far away from Berk. The island had disappeared completely from his sight and there was no dragon flying around the ocean. He could finally relax.

With a long sigh, he changed the pedal for a glider mode, so Toothless could freely surf on the air with his wings and tail.

The dragon, however, was too concerned to relax. Everytime Hiccup and his father talked about the younger viking's future, they would spend even more time away from the island and sometimes in places the dragon didn't know yet. He was afraid to find wild dragons or even human enemies.

But he would fly anyway. If that would make his friend feel better.

"I wish my dad could understand that I am a different viking." Hiccup finally spoke. He didn't seem less angry. "I've been preparing myself to be a Chief, but not the way he wants me to. And I don't want to marry anyone!"

Toothless left a low growl come out of his mouth, as if he wanted to

agree with what the human said.

"I can't really see myself doing that..." And sighed again. He had forgotten his helmet on the table in his house, so the cold wind was making his nose ache a little and his hair was moving like crazy. It just added to his bad mood. "Hey, bud. Do you want to fly up the clouds? I think the wind is better there."

The dragon moved his head enough to see Hiccup, and then again growled in agreement. The cold wind was annoying him, too.

But, something caught his attention. Before the human could change the pedal again, his sensors started to move and to make low sounds. He was hearing something, but he couldn't understand what it was.

"What's wrong, Toothless?" He asked, concerned. They had stopped in the air and the dragon was still searching for whatever was making that noise.

It sounded like danger, Toothless was sure. But what was that? Where was it coming from? He decided it was better to come back to Berk. He couldn't risk both of his and his friend's life.

And that was the moment when he finally found what was making the noise.

A sailing ship was crossing the ocean under them. They were really high on the sky, so it looked like the ship was small. But Toothless knew better. It had five sails and a horrible dragon sculpture on its front. The symbol on the sails wasn't from any island he and Hiccup had seen before, which just made it even more suspicious. And there were big things on the deck...

Toothless' eyes got wider when he realized what those things were. Especially because one of them was positioned in his direction.

Dragon weapons.

With a startled screech, the dragon tried to move his body in the air, trying to turn around to be able to fly back to Berk, but it was too late. Even though Hiccup had changed the pedal and moved his body to help the dragon, they couldn't escape anymore.

A loud noise crossed the air as a man shot the weapon that was positioned in the dragon's direction.

His wings moved to the left as much as his body, but the spear that the weapon shot was quite fast. And, after a few seconds flying in the air, it hit the winged creature. It had a strong rope attached to it, which made everything worse. They weren't exactly trying to kill the dragon, they were trying to capture it!

"Toothless!" Hiccup cried when he heard both the dragon's scream and the sound that the impact made. It tore the left side of his body, penetrating the skin and muscles enough to make a pretty bad injury, and crossed the left wing, capturing and holding the animal in the air.

Hiccup didn't know what to do. Everything was happening so fast and his mind was working like a chaotic machine. He and his best friend were being attacked and he had no idea by whom and why.

But it was a foot to the end.

The man who originally shot the spear warned a few other men in the deck about his success in capturing a dragon, and asked for them to pull the rope.

Toothless was still screaming and trying to free himself, but it was just hurting him even more. "Stay calm, bud. We are gonna be o-" The young viking stopped talking when the rope pulled both of them in the ship's direction. And it was so fast Toothless couldn't even shoot a plasma blast to try to free himself. They were capturing them!

Hitting the deck like a giant rock, Toothless tried to stop his body from moving with such force and to protect his friend's body, but the impact threw Hiccup away, almost taking with him the pedals and the saddle.

The young viking rolled on the deck just to stop near more weapons and traps on the other side of the ship.

Toothless growled loudly. He was worried about Hiccup, he was feeling an excruciating pain caused by that spear, and there was also the fear that those men were going to kill them. What should he do?

When five men approached him, the first thing that crossed the dragon's mind was to shoot them. They were holding more ropes with their big and dirty hands. Toothless couldn't move because of the pain, but he had to do something!

His pale green eye globes had thin black lines on them, and all his teeth could be seen as he growled towards those humans. His eyes were moving between them and Hiccup, trying to seek any comfort by seeing that his friend was okay.

But Hiccup's situation wasn't any better. He had fractured a rib when he fell on the deck and it was making his movements really difficult. And, to make everything better, four men were approaching him, too. The grin on their faces were as scary as their swords.

He tried to get up, but one of the men kicked him on the stomach, making him roll again on the deck.

"Look at what we've got here." One of them, a black haired and bearded man with a giant helmet with Monstrous Nightmare's thorns, laughed after saying that. "A skinny brat and a black dragon. Boss will love to know it."

Toothless tried to move again, but the spear was still in his wing and his blood was starting to bath his body. He couldn't move more than his head. So, concentrating all his strength, he shot a purple plasma on the men near Hiccup. The dragon usually needed speed to make his attacks more effective, so in that situation his plasma could just push humans to the ground or burn things. And he did both things this time.

Noticing the attack, the men near the injured animal tossed their ropes around him and pulled him, tying up the dragon and preventing him to shot more plasma and to move, too. "If we don't pay attention, this beast will be the one that will kill us." One of them shouted to the others. "We need to hurry and finish this now."

Toothless screeched with his closed mouth and tried to free himself again. Useless. His eyes searched for Hiccup, praying for him to be okay.

The young viking tried to get up again, with success this time. He was scared and worried about his dragon, but he was also angry. Who were those people and what they wanted?! And he got desperate when he saw more two men walking toward Toothless with their dirty swords. The dragon was still trying to free himself, but he was clearly in a big pain. The rope around his head was hurting him and the blood that was coming out of his left wing and the side of his body was already bathing the wooden floor under him. Hiccup needed to be fast.

Grabbing the dagger on the left vambrace of his armor, he tried to run to his best friend, but the men near him started to attack him. They seemed to be bloodthirsty.

"Don't you dare touch my dragon!" The young viking yelled while defending himself from the men's onslaughts. However, his dagger was too small. Near those swords, it looked like an ordinary knife for cutting bread, which was tossed away when a bearded man attacked Hiccup one more time, leaving nothing but a profound cut on the boy's left hand.

The said man left a pleased laugh come out of his dirty mouth. His massive body structure could give the worst nightmares to whoever tried to fight with him. If you think Stoick and Gobber are big, it's because you have never seen this guy. And, well, pretty much everyone else in that ship.

The men were getting closer to the screaming and helpless Toothless, and it just made Hiccup's situation even worse. What could he do? What could he do?!

Without thinking twice, the young viking took the fire sword that was fixed on his right leg and attacked one of the men who were blocking his way.

The fire made all of them step back for a second. They had never seen such thing before! The cut on Hiccup's hand was making the experience pretty unpleasant, but he had to do it. He had to save his dragon.

"Leave the dragon alone or I will have to burn you all." He said through his teeth. But, it just made those men laugh unnecessarily loud. A small kid like that was threatening them? That was ridiculous! They would never take that seriously.

The same man that cut Hiccup's hand approached him again with his onslaughts. The younger viking defended himself with his sword, but the man's strength was immeasurably bigger than his. The enemy attacked one, two times, and finally managed to throw the fire sword away, making Hiccup back off a little. His fractured rib was aching

too much.

He tried to think fast while trying to escape from the man's attacks, to discover a solution, but his thoughts disappeared when he felt something sharp cross the left side of his belly, followed by a feeling that some warm liquid was touching his skin and clothes. His eyes got wider, and he looked down.

The enemy's sword had crossed his skin as much as the spear on Toothless' body. It had opened a big injury that was spilling blood so fast Hiccup felt dizzy. They got him. The enemies got him.

"Toothless..." He murmured, looking at the dragon that was now more in panic than ever. His mind was starting to fade out, for he was getting too nervous and bleeding too much. His eyes searched for his dagger, but he couldn't find anything. Anything but the men's laughs.

"Stupid kid." One man used the pommel of his sword to knock the younger viking down, hitting him on the nape. Apparently, they wanted to have a little fun before doing their job there.

Hiccup hit the ground without any resistance. His belly and hand were aching, and now his head, too. His vision got blur and everything was moving in front of him because of that last attack. He wasn't sure if those were his groans or the dragon's growls, or if someone was pouring hot water on his body or if it was actually his own blood. "Toothless..."

The dragon, seeing his human friend on the ground over his own blood, got desperate. He wouldn't really mind giving his life to protect Hiccup, but now he couldn't do anything. The thought of losing his friend proved to be worse than the feeling of being an useless reptile. He tried to free himself again, having no success at all. And the spear in his wing was making it worse.

What Stoick would think? Ah, he was so angry that Hiccup yelled and refused to accept his fate as the Chief. He was always so disappointed to have a son like Hiccup. It got better after the Great Battle of the Red Death and some adventures after it, of course. Everything was getting better, especially their relationship. But now... It wasn't time to regret his actions, but Hiccup wished the last time he saw his father he had hugged him and said that he loved him, despite everything. And Toothless...

The young viking tried to move his body, but a piercing pain crossed his body and brain by doing so. He then again felt useless. "I'm sorry, bud... I couldn't protect you."

Toothless screeches were starting to get really loud in that moment. No. No, that wasn't the injured dragon. After a second, Hiccup noticed that that wasn't a sound a Night Fury would normally make.

Forcing his senses to the fullest, he looked around the deck and the sky, searching for whatever was making that sound. It was getting louder.

"What in Thor's name is this?" The men started to murmur to

themselves.

Suddenly, something exploded at the right side of the ship. The men screamed, just to hear another explosion and the sound of something flying extremely fast over the sails. It sounded like a Night Fury attacking, but it was bigger. A lot bigger.

"Ready the weapons!" The captain cried and took his own sword. "Don't let it get to the deck!"

And another explosion. They were making the ship move violently, but it wasn't on fire yet. Instead, a noise of really tiny and sharp things happened after the explosion. It sounded like... frozen water being tossed at a rock.

A loud and terrifying growl came from the sky before one of the sails being exploded. Hiccup had to move his body not to be hit by the woods that were falling. And, after he did it, he looked at Toothless, that had his gaze fixed on the sky. Hiccup followed him and finally found what was making that mess.

A giant and light blue dragon was hovering over the ship. Its large wings were making a violent wind, which just made the ship move even more. The men couldn't even keep themselves on their feet.

Hiccup's vision was still blur and he couldn't see straight, but he was sure that that was a dragon. A dragon with thorns on its head and a big tail. He was sure he had never seen a specie like that one before. Its color was mixing with the sky, so locating it was pretty difficult.

The dragon flew again, now in the good sail's direction and landed on it, almost breaking it by doing so. And what Hiccup saw next was even more surprising. And weird.

Someone was riding that dragon. The person had the face covered by a mask with five thorns on it. The body was covered by clothes, tough boots and a cape with big dragon scales. It seemed like an armor and Hiccup was almost sure it was a man. The Mysterious Person was holding a staff made of wood. It looked like a question mark. And, as soon as the dragon landed, he got off of it and slid on the sail, hitting the deck with his feet and hands. In that position, he looked like a small dragon. Hiccup couldn't stop looking at him.

The men finally managed to get up and, seeing the Mysterious Person, they got a little scared. He was still in that position, but he was now moving a little to the side.

Hiccup had seen that before. When dragons with four paws want to attack their preys or an enemy, they first move slowly as if they want to warn the other creature to back off. But those men didn't know it, so they obviously attacked the Mysterious Person without thinking twice.

He jumped to his right side, escaping from the swords, and used the staff to hit one of the men's head. He used so much force that the man fell unconscious on the ground. And in less than a second he was attacking the others, hitting them in the face with the staff and sometimes with his fists and feet. He seemed to be a great fighter.

The blue dragon was still on the sail, looking at the action in a complete silence. It looked like a giant sentinel.

Hiccup tried to move toward Toothless in silence. He didn't know if the Mysterious Person and his dragon were good or evil, so he wouldn't risk. But he was losing a lot of blood and the pain and confusion made it impossible. If he moved so much and lost more blood, he could die! But he also needed to save his dragon...

The young viking gave up on it when he noticed the sudden silence. There was no battle cries, no swords hitting anything. He could just hear the sea moving against the ship. He looked around, and noticed all the men on the ground.

The Mysterious Person, however, was still in action. He took a dagger from his belt and moved toward the injured dragon.

Toothless seemed to have fainted. He was really quiet and had stopped moving, but still seemed to breath.

"Toothless..." Hiccup moaned. He was trying to move again, to drag his body with his hands. It wasn't really working, but it caught the Mysterious Person's attention. "My dragon... don't hurt him... please..." His vision was starting to get worse. The headache was pulsing, everything was defocusing and moving. "Toothless..."

The man looked at Hiccup for a second and to his own dragon. He then started to approach the young viking slowly and as he was coming closer, he lowered his body to touch the deck with his hand and tilted his head, still walking. Like a curious dragon.

An that was the last thing Hiccup saw before fainting.

3. Chapter 2

Thank you all for the faves, comments and views! I really appreciate that! :) I keep reading the reviews and they make me really happy.
fdjfhjd

This is a short chapter, but I promise the next one will be longer.~
I hope you enjoy it!

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- chapter two -

v

v

Darkness. Pain.

His mind was a hurricane of memories and hallucinations caused by the fever. The pain that was coming from his belly and thorax made he

fall in unconsciousness everytime he was able to wake up. His hand was aching as well as his head, and the weakness caused by the loss of so much blood was keeping him still.

Hiccup didn't know if it was part of the hallucinations or if it really felt like something warm and even a little tasty was going down his throat sometimes, and if the feeling of something cold and wet almost constant on his forehead was real.

He tried to open his eyes, that were really heavy, when he felt that again. His confused gaze wandered until he found a person near him holding a big cup made of clay with both hands.

It was a woman, and she seemed to be on her forties. Her medium brown hair was braided on her backs and her eyes were an intense forest green. And something suddenly bothered Hiccup.

When his mind finally absorbed all the information it got, a weird sensation of nostalgia hit him. Did he know that woman? Who was she? And the look on her face... The young viking felt protected with her. He felt like he was lying on his own bed and being watched by someone who loved him dearly. That was quite weird, but he didn't care. He kind of liked that and the pain was making he unconsciously thank her for the good feeling he was having.

The woman took the cup to Hiccup's mouth again and helped him to drink the hot liquid in it. It tasted like green tea, but the consistency was thicker. And that was the last thing the boy made before being forced by the pain and fever to lose consciousness again.

v

Notion of time became something foreign in Hiccup's life while he was unconscious.

Sometimes he woke up trembling and babbling nonsense things and his dragon's name, sometimes he groaned in pain for hours - no matter if it was day or night - and kept that woman helping him the whole time. He didn't know where he was and what happened to Toothless, and it made his delirious mind come to bad conclusions.

But he didn't want to believe that. He would hold any hope that Toothless was fine, that he survived and would be waiting for him with his toothless smile and his big feline eyes.

The dragon, however, was lying down on the ground near Hiccup's bed the whole time. He hadn't woken up yet, but he was receiving a good care, too.

He had lost too much blood and his injuries were aching a lot. Even though he tried his hard to save Hiccup and keep himself awake, his body still made he fall in a deep state of unconsciousness.

v

One day, Hiccup woke up feeling a little better. The fractured rib and the cuts on his belly and hand gave him a break. They were aching, but he could handle it. And the first thing he did was to search for his dragon. "Toothless?" His voice was low and almost

fading because of the weakness. He tried to sit on the bed - that was made of black wool and some thin boards on logs -, but a sudden and strong pain crossed his body, making him scream and not move again.

The next thing Hiccup heard was a dragon's growl followed by footsteps. That woman again.

"What happened?" She asked, concerned. Her velvet voice was low, but firm. "Are you okay?"

And the weird feeling of nostalgia hit Hiccup stronger now. He felt his whole body tremble as an urge to cry almost dominated him. He knew that woman. He was pretty convinced now. But that feeling... that mixture of sadness and the feeling that he forgot something. Someone. That woman, the way she looked at him. Hiccup knew it somehow. "You..." He tried to say something while holding his belly with his good hand under the blanket. "Who are you?"

The forest green eyes shook. The woman, for some reason, seemed a little distressed now. "You are in pain again. I will bring more medicinal herbs." And, as fast as she appeared, she was gone again.

Hiccup tried to calm down by breathing slower. Maybe the fever was coming back and it made he feel those things. Or maybe he really knew that woman. He needed to think straight and discover what was going on there.

When he was feeling less pain, he looked around again. The place was some kind of cave and had a few objects in it. There were three big straw baskets in the right side of the cave, some clay pots and more wool folded near these things. There was also a small wooden table near the bed with more clay pots and three books, all with dark red covers, and what looked like a fire in the middle of the cave. The place wasn't too big, but it wasn't small, too. Hiccup looked to his left side now, and what he saw made his heart almost jump out of his throat.

"Toothless!" He smiled, although the concern was present in his mind. "Hey, bud! Toothless!"

But Toothless wasn't waking up. He seemed to be in a profound sleep. The injury was now tied, but it looked a little swollen. Hiccup was happy and relieved to see the dragon, and he hoped his best friend would be fine.

The viking sighed and closed his eyes again. But it didn't last long.

When he heard more footsteps coming from outside the cave, he opened his eyes again and tried to lift his head enough to look at the entrance. It seemed to be a sunny day, and Hiccup wished he could get out of that bed.

The footsteps became closer and their owner finally appeared. Hiccup was waiting for that woman, so he got surprised when he noticed who was there.

The Misterious Man with his mask, but no cape this time.

And he seemed to be as surprised as Hiccup. The man wasn't expecting to find the viking awake and the fact that he was now under his curious gaze made he step back a little and look to the side for a moment, as if he was searching for something or someone.

Hiccup tried to sit on the bed, but more carefully now. And he finally succeed. "Who are you and where am I?" His tone came out more demanding than he wanted.

The Misterious Man didn't move or speak. And that mask with black eyes and thorns made he look like a creepy statue.

Hiccup frowned. "Okay, so... I think you saved me and my dragon. So, erm, thank you."

And nothing, again. An awkward silence took over the place while the man stood there and Hiccup occupied himself in examining that misterious creature. The boy remembered that the man acted like a dragon in that ship, which just made his curiosity grow even more. Hiccup needed to discover who the hell were that man and that woman.

But, suddenly, the Misterious Man looked to the side again and this time he walked away, leaving Hiccup alone.

What the hell?

"I'm sorry for taking so long." That woman entered the cave again, now with a big pot made of clay under her right arm and a cup in her left hand. She got a little surprised to see Hiccup sitting on the bed and looked at him with a disapproving look on her face. "You shouldn't be forcing your body like this. Your wounds aren't completely closed yet." She gave the cup to the boy and walked to the sleeping dragon near him.

Hiccup just observed her. He was too intrigued about the situation and that person to say something. She was wearing a light brown tunic with black and dark brown fabric on her waist in what should be a skirt. She was also wearing pants under it and large boots. The clothes looked like the ones viking women usually wore, so Hiccup was sure that that woman wasn't from other region.

The woman put the pot on the ground and took out of it a small and wet cloth, putting it on Toothless' tied wound and rubbing it there very carefully.

Hiccup looked at that in silence while drinking that strange thing that tasted like green tea. And he kept it for a moment. "Is he going to be okay? He should have woken up by now."

"Dragons enter in a deep sleep when they get injured. It helps them to cure themselves faster." She said without looking away from the dragon. "It will take some time, but he will be fine."

The boy looked at his best friend. He was happy to know that, but it still made his heart tighter to see him like that. "You know a lot about dragons, don't you?" And he only got a smile as a response to that. "How long have we been here?"

The woman finished what she was doing and washed the cloth again before putting it on Toothless' left wing. It was tied, too, but didn't look as swollen as his body. "Approximately two months."

Hiccup almost choked on his drink. "What?! I need to go back home. I-I can't stay here any longer." And tried to get up, but once again the sudden and strong pain kept him on bed, making him groan for a second.

The woman sighed and put the cloth in the pot again. She then stood up and walked to the boy one more time. "I can't let you go now. You and your dragon need to rest." She said, and took the cup - that was empty now - from Hiccup's hand.

The viking looked at her face. For some reason, he felt that he should obey that woman and that she really cared about him. Even though he didn't know her name. He felt sheltered. "Who are you?"

The woman walked again and put the cup on the table near the bed, and she stood there, looking at it. She stayed in silence for a moment and sighed before talking. "When you wake up feeling better, I will show you something. And you will know who I am."

Well, that didn't help at all. Instead, it made Hiccup even more curious. He never took his gaze away from her face. "Alright. And who is that other person with the mask?"

She smiled, and approached Hiccup again. "You will know him, too. Now, go back to sleep." The woman put one hand on Hiccup's nape and the other on his chest, helping him to lie down again slowly enough to prevent him to feel more pain.

"But I'm not sleepy." He protested, even though he left her help him to lie down.

She put her left hand on his forehead and ignored the almost pout on his face. "You are not running a fever. That's good."

The young viking couldn't hold back a small smile. Those two misterious people saved him and Toothless, and now this person was taking care of them. They could have died and Hiccup was really grateful for those people being there for them.

But he was also worried about where they were. He was worried about his father and wondered how and when he and Toothless could go home. And he really wanted to know who those people were. Hiccup was sure he knew that woman, and he would discover why he felt that way. No matter what he should do.

v

In that night, Hiccup dreamed about his mother. He couldn't really remember her face, but the warm and comfortable feeling that he had in her arms as a baby never left his mind. He missed her so much... He missed what they could have done together, and the fact that he would never be able to change all the years without her hurt him more than his actual wounds.

The fever came back at some point and his belly started to ache really bad again. That woman still took care of him, with the help of the Misterious Man when Hiccup was unconscious.

For some reason, he was avoiding interacting with the kid. He seemed to... not being used to talk or look at other humans, which would make it harder for Hiccup to discover who he really was. And everytime he woke up, the man quickly put his mask again and walked away.

But the Misterious Man wasn't afraid of Hiccup. Not really. He was afraid of what would be the viking's reaction if he saw who he was. The man never left anyone but that woman know his real identity, and he was afraid that Hiccup would see him as something really abnormal or as a danger.

He couldn't understand why that boy's opinion was so important to him, or why he, above all the fear, wanted to get closer to him.

The Misterious Man finished cleaning Toothless' wounds and looked at the woman, who was now near Hiccup, sitting on the bed. "Valka, are you really going to tell him?" He asked with a little of concern on his voice.

She stayed in silence for a moment while looking at the sleeping viking near her. "He deserves to know everything."

Hiccup didn't know yet, but in a few days his life was going to change completely.

4. Chapter 3

I'm so sorry for taking so long to update! But I hurt my right hand two weeks ago and I couldn't write at all. It's still aching a little, so I'm sorry (again) if this chapter looks weird.

And I would like to say three things: 1. English is not my native language (I speak brazilian portuguese) and I don't have a beta at the moment. So, I'm really sorry if there's something wrong in the grammar. Please, let me know if you see something, so I'll fix it as soon as I can! 2. Big thanks to my friend Sammy for helping me with Hiccup in this chapter! I'd be lost without him. haha 3. Valka's reasons and Hiccup's reaction are only my interpretation for this fic. It will help the narrative in the future.

I hope you like it! If you haven't seen the artworks and comics for this AU yet, please check my deviantart (kuramachan5) or tumblr (petitcastellan).

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It had been a week since the first and last time Hiccup had talked with that mysterious woman. His injuries and fever gave him a bad time those days. But, fortunately, in the last days of spring he woke up feeling a lot better.

The cuts on his belly and hand had closed completely and the risk of infection was gone.

Hiccup rubbed his eyes when he woke up and then sat on the bed. His gaze almost instantly searched for Toothless, for he was still pretty worried.

The dragon was still sleeping on the ground near the bed with no sign that he would wake up feeling as better as Hiccup. Was that really normal? The young viking couldn't do more than hope to see his best friend fine again.

Feeling confident on his legs and strength, he tried to get up. He took off the blankets that were on his legs, and felt relieved to see that both his foot and prosthetic one were still there. Last time he got unconscious for so long a bad surprise was waiting for him.

He succeeded in getting up, even though his belly ached a little, and the first thing he did was walk toward the sleeping dragon. He knelt in front of him and stroked his head. "Hello, bud. I really hope to see you awake again." Silence. "Please, don't leave me here alone..."

"So, you finally woke up." Said the woman.

Hiccup almost jumped when he heard her voice. He was pretty sure that he was alone, how the hell did she get there so fast and so quietly? The boy got up again, but slowly this time. That position demanded more strength than it would normally do. "Well, erm. I guess I'm feeling a lot better right now."

"Good. This is really good." She walked toward the boy and put her right hand on his forehead to check if he was still running a fever. Hiccup noticed then that the woman was taller than him. "Well, you seem to be fine. I will make something for you to eat."

"Thank you." He smiled a little. "You are... You are really kind. And thank you for taking care of me and Toothless, too." Hiccup made a pause again to look at the woman. The nostalgia was back. "But I don't understand why you never say your name. Or who you and that other person are, or where I am... What is the problem?"

The woman sighed and looked at Hiccup for a moment. "I said I was going to tell you when you wake up feeling better, and you are now." She was getting distressed again, but tried her best to hide it. "I will tell you after breakfast. Just rest a little more while I am not here."

Now it was Hiccup's turn to sigh. He wanted to know why he was feeling those things, why he felt that he knew that woman. Why should that be a secret? It was almost annoying. But Hiccup would wait, if that was the only way to discover everything.

He sat on the bed again when the woman was gone and looked around. There was another bed near Toothless and another table with some old books on it. Was that the woman's bed? Or the Mysterious Man's? Either way, he was sleeping on one of them and he felt a little guilty for taking away a bed from one of those people. They seemed to be nice and they were taking care of him and his dragon, he didn't

want to cause any trouble.

v

The woman was taking too long to come back. Hiccup started to feel anxious. Well, if he was feeling better and could walk, then why should he wait on the bed? It wouldn't hurt to walk a little.

The viking got up again and looked at Toothless. He didn't want to leave his friend alone there, but it would be just for a minute. Nothing bad would happen and he was safe in that place.

Nothing to worry about. Hiccup thought. He will be fine without me here.

With his good hand and the bandaged one on his belly, he started to walk to the entrance of the cave. He was being very cautious, for he didn't want to fall or to feel more pain, so it took time to get where he wanted. Stupid wounds...

And when he finally arrived the entrance, his eyes got wider.

The cave was located in a clearing in the woods. There was another fire near the cave, and Hiccup was pretty sure that those things flying on the sky were too big to be birds. Dragons.

He looked around the clearing and discovered something curious.

There was a big, really big and light blue dragon sleeping in the right side near the cave. Its large wings and tail were a cerulean blue and there were white flakes all over the skin. The head was the same color with flakes, and there was some blue thorns on the head. Hiccup was pretty sure he had never seen a more beautiful dragon. He was amazed!

And then he suddenly remembered that he already saw that dragon before. It was in the ship with the Mysterious Man! Hiccup's vision was pretty bad in that moment, but he would never forget a blue dragon that was attacking something and yet nothing was on fire.

He looked at the dragon for a little more, until he noticed that there was something between its forelegs. Hiccup frowned and approached a bit.

The dragon was sleeping on its left side, so it was possible to see its four paws - it was sleeping over one rear leg and one foreleg -. The tail was curled around the body, the wings were folded on the backs - the left one touching the ground - and the long neck was also curled over the grassy ground. The dragon seemed to be sleeping while cuddling something between the forelegs.

No, it wasn't a thing. It was someone!

Hiccup frowned even more while looking at that. The person was wrapped in two blankets, and it was impossible to see the hair and face.

If the woman was awake, then it certainly was the Mysterious Man sleeping in front of Hiccup. He was sure that there were only two

people taking care of him, then it couldn't be anyone else.

The viking couldn't help but think that it was a cute situation. Someone comfortable enough to sleep with his dragon... Now Hiccup was sure that that was the Mysterious Man's bed he was sleeping on.

And, wait. Foreign people living with dragons? Everything got even more confused and mysterious to Hiccup. What was going on there?

He knew that the Mysterious Man was avoiding him and hiding himself since they met in the ship, so Hiccup wouldn't spy on him there. That would be too disrespectful, even though he was extremely curious and intrigued.

Back to the cave, Hiccup waited a little more until the woman was back. He had a lot of questions to ask, but he was also hungry. Breakfast sounded great in that moment.

The woman handed Hiccup a wooden tray with a bread, two apples and a clay pot full of berries. "There is no milk. I hope you don't mind it." She said while sitting near the boy on the bed. "I think you will like those berries."

"You are already doing a lot for me. Don't worry." Hiccup smiled briefly and grabbed the bread with his good hand. The tray was now laying on his lap, so he didn't need to use his injured hand. "I really like berries. I know a place in Berk that has a lot of them."

The woman couldn't hold back a sad smile. It seemed like, this time, the nostalgia hit her. "I bet they taste good, too." She tried not to sound melancholy.

Hiccup didn't reply to that. He missed his home and he was worried about his father and friends. What were they doing in that moment? Did they miss him, too?

But he was also feeling pretty comfortable with that mysterious woman. Hiccup didn't know who she was or where he was, but something was telling him that he could trust her. Maybe it was the feeling that he had met the woman before, or maybe it was her tender, but intense eyes and the way she was taking care of him and his dragon. Hiccup wasn't sure.

"I have a lot of questions, you know." He was almost finishing his breakfast when he said that. Now, his gaze was pointed to the woman's face. "I really want to know where I am and who you are."

She stayed in silence, but her eyes were visibly full of doubt and concern. Why was she so reluctant? "Well, um..." Hiccup continued. "My name is Hiccup. I am a Hooligan of Berk, and that's my dragon, Toothless." He introduced himself with such innocence that the woman smiled. Maybe now she would stop avoiding telling him who she was? "And you? I- I have this feeling... this feeling that I should know you, but..."

"Hiccup... What I have to tell you isn't easy." Her voice was too serious for someone who was smiling a few seconds ago. "It isn't easy for me to tell you this, and... for you to listen." She said those last words very carefully, as if she was entering a dangerous

place.

Hiccup felt his heart starting to beat faster as the curiosity gave place to concern and the feeling that he was about to listen to something really bad. He didn't like that.

He didn't know, however, that his life was about to change completely and permanently.

"A long time ago, this young woman was considered the best dragon slayer in the island she lived. Her family and her husband were proud of her. In fact, she was proud of herself, too. Keeping her people and her home safe from all danger demanded a courage that not everyone would have. She thought she was brave.

But, one day, a dragon found her... and her whole life changed."

Hiccup frowned. He was starting to get nervous. That sounded too familiar, but he wasn't going to say anything. He had to listen.

"She tried to defend herself, but it was useless. The dragon was bigger than any other she had seen before, and the fear took all her body. She didn't want to die there. She couldn't leave her family. But, for her surprise, the creature didn't want to kill her. Instead..." She made a pause, searching for words. "The dragon showed her its world. And what a cruel world it was. The amber eyes of that creature were asking for help. It didn't want to kill anyone, or destroy anything. And when the woman realized that all she had done in her life was wrong and cruel, that it all was unfair to those creatures... she felt that she needed to do something. She needed to help them, and help herself to redeem her sins."

"What did she do next?" Asked the curious and still nervous viking.

The woman, however, didn't answer. At least for a moment. The mixture of nostalgia, sadness and what seemed to be guilt took all the mysterious and intense expressions away. She seemed fragile. "She knew that there were other creatures to protect and take care of. Her tribe would be fine. Her husband was a strong man, he would be fine. She needed him to be fine. She needed him... to take care of their son. That was the hardest decision she ever had to make... To leave her son and never come back was something that would hurt her forever, but she had no other choice."

Hiccup closed tight his hands and frowned again. He could feel his heart jumping and the emotions becoming stronger. "Who are you?"

Her eyes trembled as she looked at the young man in front of her. She didn't know if her voice would come out. "There wasn't a day that I didn't think about you, Hiccup. But you were only a baby, you couldn't remember me."

Hiccup wasn't sure about what he felt in that moment. He felt like he was falling into a dark abyss that seemed to have no end, but at the same time he felt the whole world moving around while he stayed still on that bed. The young viking gasped, not sure if he was still breathing or if it was just his mind playing tricks.

"My name is Valka. And I was a Hooligan of Berk, too."

Everything made sense now! The nostalgia, the certainty that he had met that woman before, the good feeling he had toward her even though he had no idea who she was. That was his mother. His mother! Hiccup grew up thinking she was dead, and now she was right in front of him!

He opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out. He just stayed there looking at her face, trying to let that information and the explosion of emotions sink down in his throat. Should he be happy? It was his mother and he always asked the gods for a miracle, even when everything made it look impossible to happen. And now she was there! She was alive! The urge to leave everything behind and hug her almost took all of Hiccup's being. But the thought of being abandoned hit him worse than those men's swords in the ship. Whatever was the reason that made Valka leave, she left Hiccup behind. His own mother abandoned him and never came back. It made his heart feel so tight and small he could barely feel it. Hiccup didn't move.

"Hiccup? Are you okay?" Valka asked. She seemed pretty worried, but Hiccup's mind wasn't really focused on it. "You are pale."

"You... You are my mother." His hoarsely voice was low and confused. "I felt... I felt I knew you, but... I would never... You are my mother!"

Valka tried to put a hand on her son's shoulder, but he jerked away. Oh, she should have seen that coming... "I never intended to this to happen, but-"

"You abandoned me." Hiccup's tone wasn't accusing or demanding for any answers. It was just confused. He couldn't really understand what he was feeling in that moment. And the more he looked at his mother's face and eyes, the more he felt lost in his feelings. He put the tray away and got up, even though he wasn't trusting his legs.

He walked toward Toothless and stopped in the middle of the way. He didn't know what he wanted to do, but he needed to avoid looking at that woman's face. "You said... there were dragons and... you saved them? I- I..."

Valka always wondered how it would be if she ever had the opportunity to see Hiccup again and tell him the truth. For the most hopeful and maybe unrealistic situation, she thought that Hiccup would hug her and say that everything was okay. But it would demand too much from the boy, and Valka knew she should work hard to receive his forgiveness. She also wondered if she would be worthy of it. "I have been rescuing them from hunters and even other dragons. They needed my help."

"That... That's good." He didn't look back. Now the young viking was sure of something: he was hurt and if he looked at her again, he would collapse on his emotions right there.

That apparent indifference bothered Valka. Was Hiccup really okay? Was he angry or sad? She wanted to say she was sorry as many as she could. She wanted to explain everything better than what she had

already said, but how would she do that? The young viking's mind seemed to be off and he looked sick. And if she say something wrong and Hiccup start to hate her? Or maybe he was already hating her. Well, that made sense in her mind, for she abandoned him when he was a baby and never really let him know she was alive.

Valka was getting too lost in her own emotions. Her son was right in front of her and she couldn't do anything.

After a torturing minute of pure silence, Hiccup finally spoke. "I need a moment alone."

"Sure." The velvet voice was as hoarse as the boy's. "When- When you feel you're good to talk again, I want to show you something." She got up and looked at Hiccup. He hadn't moved since he got there. "And I want you to meet the one who saved you and your dragon."

Hiccup was so lost in his thoughts and feelings that not even the mention of the Mysterious Man brought him back to reality. He then walked slowly to the sleeping dragon in the cave and sat near him.

The woman stood there for a moment. She also didn't know what she was feeling, but she was sure it wasn't good. The urge to cry was becoming stronger and the impotence made she feel like the worst person in the world.

"Hiccup, maybe I don't have the right to ask for your forgiveness, but I hope that one day you..." She stopped. Hiccup wasn't responding at all, and she thought it was better to really leave him alone with his dragon.

She couldn't do more than that.

When there was no footstep to hear, Hiccup finally exploded. His first instinct was to carefully lie down on Toothless' head and hug him as much as he could without causing him pain, and he finally let all the tears come out. Oh, it was hurting so much. His injuries on his belly and hand seemed like a simple scratch compared to the pain he was feeling now.

Deep in his mind, he was extremely happy to know that his mother was alive. But thinking about how his life could have been with her, how he always felt so alone and so judged by everyone, how he never really felt like Berk was his home because no one could understand him, all his life before he met Toothless and the fact that he was abandoned by his own mother, it all destroyed him.

And he cried, cried and cried. He just wanted to go where he could feel like home.

v

v

It was afternoon when Hiccup woke up. He had fallen asleep with Toothless after putting out all his pain. If Valka came back to the cave, he didn't see. And he didn't know if he could look at her.

It wasn't because he hated her. He could never feel such thing for

his mother. But he was afraid that all those bad sensations and emotions would explode again if he met her gaze.

He needed to think about so many things...

Hiccup didn't plan to move his body, for he was feeling secure with his dragon between his arms, but when he heard someone coming into the cave, his whole body got tense as he moved his head to check who was walking toward him. And, for Hiccup's surprise, it wasn't Valka.

The Mysterious Man seemed nervous even with that mask, so he just stood in the entrance when the young viking's eyes caught him. He was holding a tray with some things that looked like bandages and two clay pots. One of them had fruits in it.

Valka didn't want to disturb Hiccup. She knew he was unstable because of the big news, and the last thing she wanted was to cause him more pain. So she asked the Mysterious Man to take those things to the viking and take care of him.

Hiccup just looked at him. He was tired, but he still could feel intrigued by that creature.

The Mysterious Man finally walked again. His body moved in a way that a suspicious dragon would do, and he kept it until he was in front of Hiccup. He then crouched and put the tray on the ground, taking the pot with the fruits and offering it to the young viking.

Hiccup was so absorbed in watching the man that it took him a second to understand what he was doing. "I am not hungry."

The Mysterious Man sighed and offered it again.

"Erm, thank you. But..." That was the first time since the ship that they both were so close. Hiccup was getting as nervous as the other boy. "I really don't want it."

The man just looked at Hiccup. Valka wanted him to feel better, so he should eat. He was still injured and just had breakfast that day. But he wouldn't insist. It was already hard to be there, even using the mask. The man didn't want any trouble for both of them.

He then put the pot on the tray again and gestured to Hiccup to give him his left hand.

v

The young viking stayed in silence as he observed the Mysterious Man taking away the old bandages on his injured hand. The man had all his body covered by clothes that looked like Valka's, but with a darker color. The head was completely covered by the mask, and both hands were bandaged. Hiccup could just see the man's fingers, and they were so white it made Hiccup wonder if there was any blood in there.

His eyes wandered to the mask again. He wasn't really in the mood to ask questions and even to talk to someone, but the other's presence, for some reason, made he feel better. Even if it was awkward and way too mysterious.

But, when the man's fingers touched his skin, Hiccup had to ask something. "Are you okay? Your hands are really cold."

The Mysterious Man quickly took away his hands and closed them on his lap. Damn. Was it that cold? There was no response coming from him.

Hiccup frowned. "Why are you avoiding me so much? Can't you talk to me?"

No response again. The man just took a small and wet cloth from the other clay pot and started to clean Hiccup's wound. It seemed better, but it still needed care.

"Fine then." Hiccup looked away. "I don't want to talk, too."

The Mysterious Man rolled his eyes under the mask. It was a big step for him to be so close to another human, especially a human he was getting too interested in become closer. Would he be able to talk to him? Well, Valka was going to make he show himself soon or later, he should be prepared.

But, how would the young viking react to his uncommon appearance?

v

They didn't say anything for a long time. Hiccup was thinking about how his mother was alive, how beautiful she looked and how it hurt to feel abandoned, so he didn't pay too much attention to what the other man was doing. Even though it was ridiculously awkward when he had to take care of the wound on the belly.

The Mysterious Man kept doing his job until he noticed something. He looked through the mask to Hiccup's face and saw that he was about to cry again. Somehow, that made his heart feel tighter.

Valka had cried, and now her son, too. He didn't like that at all.

And when a tear escaped from Hiccup's left eye, something happened that neither him and the man realized until it was done.

The Mysterious Man unconsciously took his right hand to the young viking's face and carefully wiped the tear away with the back of his fingers. The touch was so gentle it felt like a caress.

Hiccup immediately looked at the man's mask, but didn't say anything. He didn't know he needed something like that until that moment.

The man's heart was beating really fast, but he couldn't take his hand away. Instead, he put his cold fingers where he first caressed and gently rubbed his thumb there. Something inside him was saying that that kind of act makes sadness go away, and he wanted to see Valka's son better. He really wanted it.

Hiccup was still amazed by the things that that man was making, especially because of his dragon behavior, and being touched like that made his heart feel softer. Better.

And it stayed like that until both of them started to feel the situation awkward again. The Mysterious Man quickly put all the things on the tray, stood up and walked away faster than he came to the cave.

Hiccup didn't even notice the small smile on his lips. Between all the hurt feelings, surprises and confusion, something good and pure was born right there. He just didn't know it yet.

End
file.